

The next day the boy appeared before the Court of Common Pleas, which was then sitting. The claimant also appeared, with his counsel; and after two or three witnesses were examined, it appearing that the boy had resided in Philadelphia six months, he was discharged free.

Poetry.

From the Roston Notion.
LINES ON THE DEATH OF LUCY HOOPER.

Who died in Brooklyn, L. I. on the 1st of 8th mo. aged 24 years.
BY J. G. WHITTIER.

This lamented and much-gifted young lady was a sincere friend to the anti-slavery cause, which she occasionally aided by her poetic contributions.

They tell me, Lucy, thou art dead—
That all of thee we loved and cherished,
Has with thy summer roses perished;
And left, as its young beauty fled,
An ashen memory in its stead!
Cold twilight of a parted day,
That thou and loving heart—that gift
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,
Bestowing, with a glad untrifling,
Its sunny light on all around,
Affinities which only could
Cleave to the beautiful and good;
And sympathies which found no rest,
Save with the beautiful and the best.
Of them—of thee remains there nought
But sorrow in the mourner's breast?
A shadow in the land of thought?

No!—Even my weak and trembling faith
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt
And human fear have drawn about
The all-awakening scene of death.
Even as thou wast I see thee still;
And, save the absence of an ill,
And pain and weariness, which here
Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,
The same as when, two summers back,
Beside our childhood's Merrimack,
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,
And heard thy low, soft voice alone
Midst lapse of waters, and the tone
Of sere leaves by the west-wind blown,
There's not a charm of soul or brow—
Of all we knew and loved in thee—
But lives in holier beauty now,
Baptized in immortality!
Not mine the sad and freezing dream
Of souls that, with their earthly mould,
Cast of the loves and joys of old—
Unbodied—like a pale moonbeam,
As pure, as passionless, and cold;
Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
Life's myriads blending into one—
In blank annihilation blest;
Dust-atoms, of the Infinite—
Sparks scattered from the central light,
And winning back through mortal pain,
Their old unconsciousness again.
No!—I have FRIENDS in Spirit Land—
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not others, but themselves are they.
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came;
Their change—the holy morn-light breaking
Upon the dream-world sleeper, waking—
A change from twilight into day.

They're laid thee 'midst the household graves,
Where father, brother, sister lie;
Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,
Above thee bends the summer sky.
Thy own loved church in sadness read
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer,
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.
That church, whose rites and liturgy,
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,
Undoubted, to thy bosom taken
As symbols of a faith unshaken.
Even I, of simpler views, could feel
The beauty of thy trust and zeal;
And owning not thy creed, could see
How life-like it must seem to thee,
And how thy fervent heart had thrown
O'er all, a coloring of its own,
And kindled up, intense and warm,
As, when on Chebar's banks of old,
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,
A spirit filled the vast machine—
A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell! A little time, and we
Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,
One after one shall follow thee
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,
Which opens on eternity.
Yet shall we cherish not the less
All that is left our hearts meanwhile;
The memory of thy loveliness
Shall round our weary pathway smile,
Like moonlight when the sun has set—
A sweet and tender radiance yet.
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong—
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty
Which blended in thy song.
All lowly things that thee beloved,
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee;
These green hills, where thy childhood roved—
Thou river winding to the sea—
The sunset light of autumn eves
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves
Of rainbow-tinted woods—
These, in our view, shall henceforth take
A tender meaning for thy sake;
And all thou lovedst of earth and sky,
Seem sacred to thy memory.

Amesbury, 12th, 8th mo. 1841.

LOVE TO MAN.

Abon Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase,
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold—
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised his head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
And is mine one?" said Abon. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abon spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished—The next night
He came again, with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Leigh Hunt.

SLAVERY.

The grated dungeon and the iron gyves,
The plated scourge, the allotted task, the marts,
Where ruthless hands tear hearts from bleeding slaves,
With all the machinery that Hell contrives,
To aid the oppressor in the trade he drives,
All make not slavery; but when there darts
No fire along the naked soul, and strives
The broken spirit no more within the breast,
Scared by the lash, oh, then the utmost curse
Of Tyranny is perfected; Hate may rest;
Man hath done all, and Hell can do no worse:
That soulless wreck of being is a slave,
Whose fetters none can break—no, not th'
Omnipotent Grave.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:
OR
LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It will be necessary that I should again lose sight of my hero for a short time, that the reader may be enabled to understand the position of those whose accident had made of importance to his future destiny.

After quitting the mansion of Frederic Steinmark, Juno lost no time in letting Colonel Dart understand that it was necessary he should forthwith, for his own especial well-being and safety, despatch a civil epistle to the German proprietor of Reichland, assuring him that if he stood in need of an excellent gardener, the best thing he could do would be to purchase a slave, known by the name of Cesar Bush, from the factory of Mr. Oglevie, near New Orleans.

Colonel Dart had done so many things of greater importance at the bidding of Juno, that it was not likely she should find much trouble in obtaining his compliance with this new request; nor in fact did she, though the little gentleman did look rather more puzzled than usual at the request.

"But what the devil is it to me, Juno, who that German idiot, that works his grounds with white men, has for a gardener? Why for shouldn't he go on as he began, without owning a slave? He'll be sure to get ruined at last, and it isn't I that have any right to stop him."

"I well know that it is not for the master of all," replied Juno, "to trouble himself with the concerns of any such mean, ignorant, foreign whites, as the people at Reichland; but neither have the people at Reichland, in good truth, anything to do with this matter, excepting as we have the wit to make them act and do for the furtherance of the affairs of others. It is needful for the safety of Paradise Plantation, and for the more precious safety, still, of him who is the master of it, that this young slave Cesar, who will act faithfully by my orders, should be stationed near us. This is all; and the man called Frederic Steinmark, is only to be a tool in our hands."

Juno pronounced this harangue in an accent of such assured authority, that the colonel never for an instant conceived the possibility of refusing to do what she desired; and the letter was accordingly written in very precise conformity to her instructions, and forthwith delivered into her hands.

Furnished with this document, she sought and found Edward Bligh, who had suffered much in mind since the dangerous hours passed in Karl Steinmark's strawberry-field. Though the gossip so confidently repeated at Mr. Enna, respecting the marriage of Lotte with the young baron, was certainly premature, there was already enough of love between them, to show the eyes and grieve the heart of poor Edward, and to convince him, with a dreadful torturing certainty, that woman's love, that drop of redeeming sweetness, that seems thrown by Providence into the bitter cup of human life, to render it bearable to those doomed to quaff it, would never be distilled into his.

Two subsequent visits, made with trembling hope and sickening fear, had fully convinced him of this; but with the gentle resignation and high courage of his noble nature, he saw in it only a new proof that it was Heaven's will he should not bind his affections to any thing on earth, but hold himself prepared to sacrifice a life, perhaps mercifully made of little value, whenever the duty which he had devoted himself should demand his doing so.

Poor Edward!—if the enthusiasm which a worldly scoffer would have called his hobby-horse, did indeed lead him astray to a degree that indicated a mind diseased, it was a malady which, like the redundant blossom often seen to burst the calyx that should retain it, manifested a richness and perfection only too powerful for nature to sustain.

When Juno reached his forest-home, she found him sitting with his Bible open on his little table; but his eye at that moment was not perusing the page spread out before him, but rested, as it were, on vacancy, while that fixed gaze in which the soul seems to look out farther than the bodily organ can follow it.

Old Juno was no favorite with Edward; and had not the vehement feelings, recently excited and so quickly checked, left him in a state of such subdued and melancholy gentleness as made him feel it only a fulfilment of his destiny to bear and forbear with all persons, and in all circumstances to which he might be exposed, it is probable that the errand she came to send him on, might not have been so meekly accepted as it was.

"I see not well how this letter can be likely to benefit Cesar, my good woman; but I will deliver it to Mr. Steinmark, as you are so earnest with me to do so."

"The blessing of Heaven need not be invoked by such as I am, on such as you are," replied Juno, "or I would kneel down now to ask for it; but, Master Edward, though you have no faith in Juno, you will do, even at her bidding, what will make poor Cesar the safe property of this good and righteous foreigner, instead of leaving him in hourly risk of again becoming the prey of a creole slave-driver. Say I will you not?"

"I will, indeed, Juno, if I have the power to do it. But it is contrary to the principles of Frederic Steinmark, to purchase a slave—why, therefore, should you suppose that he would do it now?"

"The principles of Frederic Steinmark," answered Juno, "will never restrain him from doing a good action, however much the manner of it may be foreign to the habits of his life. By redeeming this poor runaway, from the peril that hangs over him, the good Frederic Steinmark will not become the thing he abominates—a dealer in human flesh, an impious trampler on the image of God—in one single unholy word, a slaveholder: where he can purchase the whole race, Frederic Steinmark would not be this."

"It is yet, Master Edward, the having possession of a parcel of written paper, which, by the wicked laws of this sinful country is made to be one man a right to rob another of all that God has bestowed upon him at his birth,—it is not holding this harmless paper, Master Edward, that can turn a good man into that accursed thing, a slaveholder. Even in this land of white man's sin, and black man's suffering—even in Louisiana, there are some who have purchased a right to protect the negroes who willingly, joyfully, and gratefully work for them—for they are kindly treated. If Frederic Steinmark were a man to doubt that this is possible, I would bid him turn his benevolent eyes, that seem to shed kindness upon all men,—I would bid him turn those kind, reasoning eyes to the Red river; let him look into a wide-spread farm at Alexandria, and he would see that a good man, living in the bosom of his family, may render labor light and servitude a blessing, by ruling with a gentle hand and kind heart, the race who are doomed to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. This sight, if he have any scruples as to the righteousness of purchasing Cesar, may remove them. But your word, Master Edward, might perhaps do more still towards leading him to do this great good—and will you not speak?"

Edward listened to the whole of this long speech with the most patient attention, and then said, "You are right in believing that Mr. Steinmark would not, necessarily, become sinful by obtaining such possession of a slave as the laws of the country have power to give; and I have little doubt that, with such an object before him as the rescuing poor Cesar, he would conquer the repugnance he feels to such a transaction. But I do not comprehend, Juno, how this letter, so strangely obtained by you from your master, nor how my advice to him that he should act upon it, can render it possible for him to negotiate the purchase of a runaway slave—You know, Juno, that I do not love tricks and mystery."

Old Juno shook her head, and remained for a minute or two quite silent. Had any other so spoken to her, it is probable that her anger and indignation would have been pronounced in no measured terms; but her respect for Edward Bligh was most profound, and her love and reverence for all the sacrifices of safety and of peace which he was making for the unhappy people to whom she belonged, invested him with a sort of sacred authority in her eyes, which rendered it impossible that she should express anger for anything he could say.

Having subdued the feeling that might have led to disrespectful words, she replied, with the utmost deference, "Alas, master Edward!—how is such a one as I am to work out a good deed amongst the men

we have got to deal with, except by tricks and seeming mystery?—Do you think, young gentleman, that if I were to go to Colonel Dart, or to Mr. Oglevie, and tell them the truth and no more, that all the dollars the good German has honestly won from our rich soil would induce either of them to resign Cesar to his keeping?—Ah, master Edward, you know them better than to believe it."

You are right—you are right; and perhaps I have been unjust to you, Juno," replied Edward, kindly, and feeling, indeed, that she spoke the truth. "I will take this letter to Mr. Steinmark, and will trust to your using such means as you have to make his interference effectual.—Farewell."

Juno watched him depart towards Reichland, rejoicing that she had found words to lead him to perform her will, which she certainly knew was a very honest one, in this instance at least; but spite of the gladness and even the triumph that cheered her, a tear dimmed her eye as she looked after him.

Too good for earth—too fit for heaven to bide long in it," she murmured, as she turned her steps homewards; and she pondered upon his probable destiny, till she herself almost doubted whether the dark future that seemed to open before her eyes were simply the effect of conjecture, or of a revealing of that which was to come, such as was not given to the minds of others.

The old woman reached her hut, weary and exhausted; but the sight of Cesar's ecstasy at her probable success, as she sat beside the grave-like apartment he occupied, and recounted all she had done, and she hoped to do, acted as a restorative; and before she slept, contrived to make the nervous Colonel Dart despatch a letter by the post, to Oglevie of the paper-factory, Ciceroville, requesting him, for very particular reasons, to accept the sum of one thousand dollars for Cesar Bush, a gentleman in the neighborhood of Paradise Plantation intended to offer him. The prudent Colonel ended his letter, even without the help of Juno, by remarking that he was too well known a disciplinarian for Mr. Oglevie to suspect that he meant to encourage a runaway, but that circumstances made it very desirable that Mr. Steinmark should be obliged in this matter.

Having thus well completed her day's work, Juno repaired to Peggy's hut, and received the reward of her benevolent labors from witnessing the joy her tidings occasioned. She led Pebe home with her as soon as everything appeared quiet, and once more permitted the sable lovers to enjoy the happiness of an interview, which not only the gay nature of Cesar, but the really promising condition of their affairs, rendered infinitely happier than the last.—Lucky indeed was it for them that their old friend's measures had been so prompt and so successful!

As an event occurred on the morrow which put them both as completely out of the mind of the old woman as if they had never existed; and as the relation this obliges us to follow Juno to New-Orleans, it may be stated here, that the negotiation for the purchase of Cesar being carried on exactly as she had dictated, proved completely successful. Frederic Steinmark paid a thousand dollars into the hands of an agent at Natchez, and received from him in return the documents necessary to give him the legal possession of Cesar, who accordingly was found by the Steinmark family the day but one following the transaction busily engaged in earthing up sweet potatoes in the garden. As for the old woman, she was already on her way to New-Orleans, it is probable that all the exertions made for Cesar would have been in vain, had not Edward Bligh shrewdly surmised that, in all human probability, Pebe knew all about it; so, as soon as the business was completed, and the transfer of the runaway legally achieved, he repaired to the hut of Peggy, and told her and her daughter what had been done. It will not be doubted that Juno's "company-chamber" was visited that night, or that the lovers enjoyed the reprieve from danger so unexpectedly obtained. No sooner, indeed, had darkness fallen, than the old woman, weary of the annoyances of troublesome questionings to her, and, like Peggy herself, accompanied by her three daughters, repaired to Cesar's hiding-place, and returning thence to the laundry-house, enjoyed altogether an evening of greater happiness than he had tasted since the hour in which the slaves of the unfortunate Henry Bligh were put up for sale.

Early on the following morning, Cesar was already laboring in the garden of Reichland.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It has been stated that Juno had again left Natchez for New-Orleans, before the purchase of Cesar; she had so assiduously exerted herself was completed; and it is necessary that the cause of this sudden departure should be now laid before the reader.—Early in the day which followed her last visit to Edward, Juno rambled down to Natchez-under-the-Hill, for the purpose of making a visit to an old free negro who held the post of receiver-general of all letters, packages, messages, and advices of all sorts addressed to her by steamboat from New-Orleans.

The place was not without profit and advantage of many kinds; but neither, on the other hand, was it by any means a secure,—for more negro gossip, more scandal, and planter's secrets were transmitted to the reputed secrecy by this old man, who never failed to board every boat that approached the landing for the purpose of collecting the different missions they were sure to bring, than it would have been possible for her to obtain by any other means.

Hardly had Juno entered the hut which served as a mansion to the old man, than he presented to her a sealed packet which had arrived some hours before from New-Orleans. She immediately retired, as was her custom whenever news reached her in this form, to a low shed behind the building, where, seated on a block of wood, she broke the seal, and, with considerable eagerness, began to read the contents. It came from the hands of a small importance the circle in which he moved at New-Orleans, being a free quadroon, who for many years had carried on a very prosperous trade as a barber. The letter ran thus:

"My Sister:

"This is from your friend Mr. Sam Wilmet. I have big news for you, Miss Juno. As sure as I live to be true, I have great-great-granddaughter, Selina Croft by name, is living at this present writing, in New-Orleans. This will make you star, Miss Juno, and well it may, for it is a great and unaccountable interference of Providence. So it is, however; and it is of course that you will come up, Miss Juno, and present yourself to your posterity. I question if there is another so rich and beautiful young lady; and knowing, Miss Juno, the spite of our enemies upon us, I'll take good care that nobody shall know nothing from me. My three-pair-of-stairs back granary is not occupied at present. Miss Juno, and you may rent the apartment as before. When you come, I will tell you all particulars how I made the discovery. But these I'm not at all sure I shall be able to tell you, as she will not know more about her mother's decent than all the Creole folks as have made acquaintance with her. It is right and proper the young creature should be made to know her own blood relations; but excepting herself, and maybe her father, if I was you, Miss Juno, I'd just keep the secret, and you may guess pretty easy why, seeing that she is a white girl, and I am a black man, and she is as white as a right down princess. It will be for certain, Miss Juno, a pleasure for you to see such a lily-white posterity. Arnt the whites unaccountable, Miss Juno, that can't see how easy it is for black blood to turn white? 'Tis plain enough, that God might have no objection whatever to it, at any rate. Good-by, Miss Juno, I shall be proud to see you, and I am your true friend.

"And most obedient humble servant,

"SAM WILMET."

The effect produced by this letter on the body and soul of Juno, was tremendous. Her limbs shook as if she had been seized by sudden palsy, and for some time all the powers of her mind seemed threatening to leave her. All the strength and intellect left her were just sufficient to enable her to hide the precious letter in her bosom, and to totter forth from the place where she had read it into the open air, without uttering a single word of explanation to her puzzled agent.

Having reached a retired spot by the river-side, where no eye was near to watch her, she sat, or rather laid herself upon the ground, and gave free vent to the emotion which the letter had excited. It was long before the vehemence of her agitation subsided sufficiently to enable her fully to be conscious of what this news was to her; but as something like strength and composure returned; a feeling of happiness almost too great to bear, took possession of her, and there she continued stretched unmoving upon earth for many hours, her memory recalling the long-distant past so vividly as to make all present and actual circumstances appear vague and indistinct by the comparison. Among all other things, the situation of Cesar was totally and altogether forgotten by her, and she at that time decided upon going on board the first boat that should come down the river. The hoarded treasure of many years was always concealed about her person, and no preparation was necessary for her voyage, except the obtaining such refreshment as might give her strength to

mount to the deck. This she speedily procured, and then sat herself under the old thorn beside the landing, waiting with the stillness of a statue for the vessel that was to convey her to New-Orleans.

The sun was setting when it arrived, but the hours she had waited had not been lost. She had passed this interval in earnest meditation on the great change she believed her hitherto sad destiny was about to undergo, and had so exactly arranged the manner of it, that all nervous agitation subsided, and she had herself prepared for the scenes in which she was to become a principal actor, with a degree of firmness and resolution which communicated itself to her outward bearing, and enabled her, the morning after she reached New Orleans, to receive the greeting of Whitlaw with the calmness and composure that have been described.

Several days elapsed after her arrival, before she sought the interview which her heart both longed for and dreaded. It was not fear, however, which caused the delay, but prudence. On reaching New Orleans, she was met by Mr. Whitlaw, and as it was chiefly to letters and memoranda in his possession that she must apply, if the truth of her statement should be unhappily questioned, she postponed the awful visit till his return.

Meanwhile, however, she wearied out of walking round and round the house that contained her treasure; but the state and wealth which seemed to reign there, shook her confidence, and the poor old woman lived in alternate paroxysms of hope and fear, till the terrible moment which brought home to her heart the conviction that she was coming, perhaps, to describe her intellect stood the shock without her manifesting any symptoms of her former malady.

She shut herself up in her lonely garret, and for some days, only left it for the purpose of taking necessary food. At length her mind was made up, as to the line of conduct which she should pursue, and doing her best to render her appearance decent, she descended the innumerable stairs, and requested a private interview with her friendly host, Mr. Sam Wilmet, in his snug back parlor, at the early hour of seven in the morning.

The request was immediately granted; and as Mr. Wilmet in common with many others, believed Juno to be free, she was desired to take a seat in his prosperous presence.

"Mr. Sam," said Juno, making a powerful effort to restrain all outward demonstration of sorrow, "you have been a good and kind friend to me, for many a year; and now at this last trial, you have done all that you thought would best please me.—But things have not turned out just quite as I thought they might, and so, Mr. Sam, I expect I had better go home again. But this I cannot do in peace and quiet, without your giving me a word of promise, that you will never never breathe a word to mortals, woman, or child, that the Englishman's fair daughter is come of negro race. Will you promise this to me, Mr. Sam?"

"If it will please you, Miss Juno, I will be happy to promise it; though I can't but think 'tis an unnatural thing, too. However, I know better than to make or meddle, Miss Juno, with what does not concern myself, and I'm mum, you may 'pend upon it."

Having obtained this assurance, old Juno once more took her way to the house of Mr. Croft. Wherever there are negroes, the entrance of a new negro is a subject of great interest, and the kindness of a black cook and scullion in Mr. Croft's kitchen; and she was courteously received when she again made her entry there.

"Can I see the young lady," she said, "before the business and bustle of the day begins? I am going away to-day, and I have still something I must say to her."

"Ah, Miss!" said the black cook, shaking her head very mournfully, "you have brought sad work to pass. Is it true, I wonder, all that the white waiting-maid says?—I did you tell the young lady, to her face, that she was come of a nigger blood? I have heard of it, but I don't like to hear that her interview with her still fondly-cherished Selina had been made thus public; but finding that any farther attempt at concealment on her part must be in vain, she stated to her fellow-slave, in plain terms, the history of her relationship, and added, with as much composure as she could assume, that finding the knowledge of this gave the dear child too bitter pain and mortification to be endured, she was determined upon returning to her home at Natchez, as soon as she should have once more seen and bade her farewell.

"And fit and right, too, Miss, that you should see your own—for so she is, do all day can't to hinder it. I hab a child, too, miss, and I know what it is to be luh it."

"Then you will let me see her," said Juno, eagerly.

"Ay, miss, without doubt. The proud white maid is a-bad still, but Venus shall take you to her room."

Venus was accordingly summoned, and, to avoid disturbing Mr. Croft, led Juno by a back-stair to a door that opened into the young lady's dressing-room. She opened it gently, and pointing to that of the bed-chamber which stood half open, she said, "Now go, miss—she be your own blood, and can't quarrel with you; but I must go down stairs 'gen, or I shall catch it from Miss Susan."

Saying this, the girl retired, leaving Juno to make her way alone into the presence of her estranged descendant.

The old woman paused for a moment, as if to take breath and revive her sinking courage, and then, making an effort to overcome the trembling at her heart, she pushed open the door and entered the bed-room of Selina.

It was now past eight o'clock, but the bright daylight only found entrance there through the closed blinds; and on first going in, the effect on Juno's old eyes was that of almost perfect darkness; but by degrees the objects became visible, and she perceived that the fair creature to whom she came to bid adieu, was still in bed. The air of the room was loaded with the perfume of many flowers; and she observed, as she advanced, that a variety of blossoms lay scattered on the floor and dressing-table. All was profoundly still.

"She sleeps?" said Juno, in a whisper; "sweet child!—most beautiful Selina!—she sleeps the sleep of innocence and peace?"—Then softly approaching the bed, she continued, while her voice trembled with tenderness, "I will kiss her as she sleeps;—but these I'm not at all sure I shall be able to tell you, as she will not know more about her mother's decent than all the Creole folks as have made acquaintance with her. It is right and proper the young creature should be made to know her own blood relations; but excepting herself, and maybe her father, if I was you, Miss Juno, I'd just keep the secret, and you may guess pretty easy why, seeing that she is a white girl, and I am a black man, and she is as white as a right down princess. It will be for certain, Miss Juno, a pleasure for you to see such a lily-white posterity. Arnt the whites unaccountable, Miss Juno, that can't see how easy it is for black blood to turn white? 'Tis plain enough, that God might have no objection whatever to it, at any rate. Good-by, Miss Juno, I shall be proud to see you, and I am your true friend.

"And most obedient humble servant,

"SAM WILMET."

The effect produced by this letter on the body and soul of Juno, was tremendous. Her limbs shook as if she had been seized by sudden palsy, and for some time all the powers of her mind seemed threatening to leave her. All the strength and intellect left her were just sufficient to enable her to hide the precious letter in her bosom, and to totter forth from the place where she had read it into the open air, without uttering a single word of explanation to her puzzled agent.

Having reached a retired spot by the river-side, where no eye was near to watch her, she sat, or rather laid herself upon the ground, and gave free vent to the emotion which the letter had excited. It was long before the vehemence of her agitation subsided sufficiently to enable her fully to be conscious of what this news was to her; but as something like strength and composure returned; a feeling of happiness almost too great to bear, took possession of her, and there she continued stretched unmoving upon earth for many hours, her memory recalling the long-distant past so vividly as to make all present and actual circumstances appear vague and indistinct by the comparison. Among all other things, the situation of Cesar was totally and altogether forgotten by her, and she at that time decided upon going on board the first boat that should come down the river. The hoarded treasure of many years was always concealed about her person, and no preparation was necessary for her voyage, except the obtaining such refreshment as might give her strength to

mount to the deck. This she speedily procured, and then sat herself under the old thorn beside the landing, waiting with the stillness of a statue for the vessel that was to convey her to New-Orleans.

The sun was setting when it arrived, but the hours she had waited had not been lost. She had passed this interval in earnest meditation on the great change she believed her hitherto sad destiny was about to undergo, and had so exactly arranged the manner of it, that all nervous agitation subsided, and she had herself prepared for the scenes in which she was to become a principal actor, with a degree of firmness and resolution which communicated itself to her outward bearing, and enabled her, the morning after she reached New Orleans, to receive the greeting of Whitlaw with the calmness and composure that have been described.

Several days elapsed after her arrival, before she sought the interview which her heart both longed for and dreaded. It was not fear, however, which caused the delay, but prudence. On reaching New Orleans, she was met by Mr. Whitlaw, and as it was chiefly to letters and memoranda in his possession that she must apply, if the truth of her statement should be unhappily questioned, she postponed the awful visit till his return.

Meanwhile, however, she wearied out of walking round and round the house that contained her treasure; but the state and wealth which seemed to reign there, shook her confidence, and the poor old woman lived in alternate paroxysms of hope and fear, till the terrible moment which brought home to her heart the conviction that she was coming, perhaps, to describe her intellect stood the shock without her manifesting any symptoms of her former malady.

She shut herself up in her lonely garret, and for some days, only left it for the purpose of taking necessary food. At length her mind was made up, as to the line of conduct which she should pursue, and doing her best to render her appearance decent, she descended the innumerable stairs, and requested a private interview with her friendly host, Mr. Sam Wilmet, in his snug back parlor, at the early hour of seven in the morning.

The request was immediately granted; and as Mr. Wilmet in common with many others, believed Juno to be free, she was desired to take a seat in his prosperous presence.

"Mr. Sam," said Juno, making a powerful effort to restrain all outward demonstration of sorrow, "you have been a good and kind friend to me, for many a year; and now at this last trial, you have done all that you thought would best please me.—But things have not turned out just quite as I thought they might, and so, Mr. Sam, I expect I had better go home again. But this I cannot do in peace and quiet, without your giving me a word of promise, that you will never never breathe a word to mortals, woman, or child, that the Englishman's fair daughter is come of negro race. Will you promise this to me, Mr. Sam?"

"If it will please you, Miss Juno, I will be happy to promise it; though I can't but think 'tis an unnatural thing, too. However, I know better than to make or meddle, Miss Juno, with what does not concern myself, and I'm mum, you may 'pend upon it."

Having obtained this assurance, old Juno once more took her way to the house of Mr. Croft. Wherever there are negroes, the entrance of a new negro is a subject of great interest, and the kindness of a black cook and scullion in Mr. Croft's kitchen; and she was courteously received when she again made her entry there.

"Can I see the young lady," she said, "before the business and bustle of the day begins? I am going away to-day, and I have still something I must say to her."

"Ah, Miss!" said the black cook, shaking her head very mournfully, "you have brought sad work to pass. Is it true, I wonder, all that the white waiting-maid says?—I did you tell the young lady, to her face, that she was come of a nigger blood? I have heard of it, but I don't like to hear that her interview with her still fondly-cherished Selina had been made thus public; but finding that any farther attempt at concealment on her part must be in vain, she stated to her fellow-slave, in plain terms, the history of her relationship, and added, with as much composure as she could assume, that finding the knowledge of this gave the dear child too bitter pain and mortification to be endured, she was determined upon returning to her home at Natchez, as soon as she should have once more seen and bade her farewell.

"And fit and right, too, Miss, that you should see your own—for so she is, do all day can't to hinder it. I hab a child, too, miss, and I know what it is to be luh it."

"Then you will let me see her," said Juno, eagerly.

"Ay, miss, without doubt. The proud white maid is a-bad still, but Venus shall take you to her room."

Venus was accordingly summoned, and, to avoid disturbing Mr. Croft, led Juno by a back-stair to a door that opened into the young lady's dressing-room. She opened it gently, and pointing to that of the bed-chamber which stood half open, she said, "Now go, miss—she be your own blood, and can't quarrel with you; but I must go down stairs 'gen, or I shall catch it from Miss Susan."

Saying this, the girl retired, leaving Juno to make her way alone into the presence of her estranged descendant.

The old woman paused for a moment, as if to take breath and revive her sinking courage, and then, making an effort to overcome the trembling at her heart, she pushed open the door and entered the bed-room of Selina.

It was now past eight o'clock, but the bright daylight only found entrance there through the closed blinds; and on first going in, the effect on Juno's old eyes was that of almost perfect darkness; but by degrees the objects became visible, and she perceived that the fair creature to whom she came to bid adieu, was still in bed. The air of the room was